

# The Tragedy of Hamlet

More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i'th Church.

*King.* No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;  
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you doe this? keep close within your chamber;  
*Hamlet* return'd shall know you are come home;  
Wee'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the same  
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,  
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse  
A sword unbated, and in a pace of practice  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will doe't;  
And for the purpose Ile annoint my sword:  
I bought an unction of a Mountebanke  
So mortall, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare  
Collected from all Simples that have vertue  
Under the Moone, can save the thing from death  
That is but scratcht withall; Ile touch my point  
With this contagion, that if I gall him sleightly it may be death!

*King.* Let's further thinke of this,  
Weigh what conveiance both of time and meanes  
May fit us to our shape if this should faile,  
And that our drift look through our bad performance  
'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project  
Should have a backe or second, that might hold  
If this did blast in prooffe: soft, let me see,  
Wee'll make a solemne wager on your cunnings;  
I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,  
As make your bouts more violent to that end,  
And that he calls for drinke, Ile have prefer'd him  
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping  
If he by chance escape your venom'd tucke,  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter

# Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Queene.

*Quee.* One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,  
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O where?

*Quee.* There is a willow growes ascaunt the brook,  
That shewes his hoarie leaves in the glassie streame,  
Therewith fantasticke garlands did she make  
Of Cro.v-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,  
That liberall shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call the,  
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds  
Clambring to hang, an envious shiver broke,  
When downe her weedy tropheys and her selfe  
Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes spred wide,  
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,  
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,  
As one incapable of her owne distresse,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element, but long it could not be  
Till that her garments heavie with their drinke  
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alasse then is she drown'd?

*Quee.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,  
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet  
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,  
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone  
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,  
I have a speech afire that faine would blase,  
But that this folly drownes it.

Exit.

*King.* Let's follow *Gertrard*;  
How much I had to doe to calme his rage!  
Now feare I this will give it start againe,  
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

*Clow.* Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilful-  
ly seekes her owne salvation?

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Othe.